

## Baby Body

### Youth Group

Liz hates her body, her baby body  
She thinks that everybody's looking at  
the way her figure's changed  
But she's on this bus, it always moves so  
slow  
Regrets her haircut, a career-ruining  
haircut  
She should have got it cut by her student  
friend, he's asked her to do weeks  
But she hates that public transport moves  
so slow

You wanted everything to change but you  
could only change your name  
You've got to rise above it now, you're  
more important than the game  
Than the game, more important than the  
game

Gazes in awe on those stupid morons  
Who buy those magazines to paper their  
mirror of their homes  
But she wonders how many people buy  
them for the summer factor  
She's making pictures, collaging pictures  
A microscopic version of the way they're  
crowding in their mind  
But this bus wastes roughly one-twelfth  
of her day

You wanted everything to change but you  
could only change your clothes  
Standing in the supermarket aisle you  
know these fuckers never close  
They were never close, these fuckers never close

You wanted everything to change but you  
could only change your name